ABILENE REFLECTOR

—PUBLISHED BY—

L. H. LITTS & CO.

POOR PAPA.

Who slaves all day with main and might
And comes home weary, worn and white,
To walk a squalling babe all night?
Poor Papa.

Who has to hear a tired wife
Recount the petty woes and strife
That constitute a woman's life?
Poor Papa.

Who has to go without new clothes
To keep his tots in shoes and hose
And dress his daughters having beaux?
Poor Papa.

Who's tortured by the endless noise
Of half a dozen romping boys
That all his peace at home destroys?
Poor Papa.

Who's told the coal and flour are out;
Who wishes he was, too, no doubt,
And, when he tries, is put to rout?
Poor Papa.

Who groans when bills come in to pay
For some thing needed every day;
Who can not lay a cent away?
Poor Papa.

Who thinks he was a fool to wed,
And who, if his dear wife was dead,
Would get another quick instead?
Poor Papa.

Who, if he hadn't married, would
Be minus home and health so good
And end his days in solitude?
Poor Papa.

And who will have, when he gets old,
Protecting arms of love to fold
Around him—worth far more than gold?
Rich Papa.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.*

OLD POSTAGE-STAMPS.

Romantic Story of an Old Hair Trunk.

The sun had gone down behind the hills, but the peaks of the western mountains were still bathed in sunlight and covered with that glory no painter's brush can reproduce. The shadow that had fallen covered the small, but quaint and picturesque farmhouse to its chimney-top and stretched across the closely cropped green meadowland and up the sloping hillside, its yellow stubble taking a golden tint that deepened at the edges of the irregular swaths, as if labor had set its signature upon the field.

The sunlight still danced in the topmost branches of the tall maple that stood on the crest when a wagon was driven slowly up the little lilac-lined lane that led to the barn. Before the wheels could have been heard by any but an anxious and waiting ear, a sweet-faced woman whose hair alone betrayed the fact that she was far beyond the middle age came to the door and was at the side of the wagon as the driver slowly descended.

"Don't grieve, father," she said, taking his hand. "The darkest cloud has a silver lining. We have Dick still."

"And that's all, mother," he replied, with a catch in his voice.

The woman's sensitive face paled and seemed to grow older in a moment, for though her husband's manner had shown that his mission had failed, some hope had still remained despite her brave words, and while expecting the blow that would deprive them of the house and land upon which both had lived since childhood, there had been expectation that some way out of it might be found or that the blow might be in some way softened.

"Then Nichols would not give you time?"

"Not a day. He is merciless, and the sale will take place Saturday. He must have the rash, he says, on Saturday, and will only sell for money down. Williams is away in New York. I saw every one who might be able to let me have the money, but none could lend so much by Saturday. He will buy it in himself. Barker says he can get the money for me in ten days, but when I asked Nichols to give me one more week, he replied that he had not forgotten his oath if I had."

"The villain?" said the woman, indignantly. "But is it legal, father?" she asked. "Can he rob us of a farm worth six times the mortgage and have the law on his side?"

"I asked 'Squire Andrews, and he went over the papers carefully. 'He has planned his vengeance well,' Andrews said. 'Every legal form has been complied with,' and he added that I would be morally, but not legally, justified in shooting him."

"Poor Dick!" said the mother. "Come, father, the house is ours for three days longer anyway. Something may happen. Let us talk of other things. Supper is ready and Dick is coming across the field."

While talking the light wagon had been put in the carriage-house and the horse had been fed and watered.

It was easy to see that the bright-faced, broad-shouldered young man who met them at the door was their son and that he was a "mother's boy." His arm fell naturally around her waist, and he stopped to kiss her as they passed into the kitchen.

"Well, Mimi, are you ready to feed a bear after his winter's sleep?" he asked, playfully. "Why, mother, there are tears in your eyes! Father, what is the matter?" he asked, as for the first time he saw his drawn, set face.

His mother's arms were around his neck, and she was crying softly on his breast.

"It means, Dick, that Nichols bought the mortgage from Secor before he went to Mexico; it has been due, as you know, for four years, but Nichols did not want the money and wished me to let it run on, as I needed it more than he did. Secor knew that Nichols was my son-in-law, and from what Nichols said supposed he wanted to clear it off. Secor told Jim Ferguson that he was going to do it."

"Secor did not know how he treated Nellie!" asked Dick.

"No," was the weary reply. "Even you, Dick, don't know that when I brought Nellie home—a wreck, dying from his brutal treatment—that he swore an oath to have revenge on me and mine, because I would not let him take her back to the city to die. He hated her because she would not help him in his wickedness, and when he saw her days were numbered, told her that she would never see one of us while she lived and none of us would know where she was buried when she was dead. A friend of hers wrote to me. I went to New York and brought her home. When he came in hot haste for her, I kicked him out. You were only a little lad of five then, Dick. He has waited all these years and now he has his revenge."

"But how, father? We can easily pay the $1,200 in a week or ten days."

"He has given me the legal thirty days' notice by publication in the Bloomfield *Register*, which never comes to this post-office. Mrs. Winters saw it yesterday and sent me word. The sale is for Saturday. He requires spot cash. No one can get $1,200 in so short a time, and he will buy it himself."

The young man's eyes blazed. "If he does—if he dares to show himself—I will put a bullet in him."

The mother's arms were around him. His father laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Leave him to God, Dick; don't make our burden harder than we can bear. Let us have our boy for the few years yet left to us."

"Remember Susie," sobbed the mother.

The young man conquered his emotion, kissed his mother and shook his father's hand—the Anglo-Saxon caress between males. Women kiss; men shake hands.

"I will do nothing rash; nothing to bring you additional worry; but if I meet him he will have to keep his temper. Come, let us try your biscuits, Mimi, and forget for the moment."

The form of a meal was gone through with, but the talk drifted into the only subject that any one could think about.

"Dick, you haven't said a word about your marriage. It is two weeks from to-day. We will have no home for Susie to come to."

Dick smiled for his mother's benefit and answered brightly: "Never mind that, Mimi. It will have to be postponed for a little while. Don't worry about that."

"But, Dick, it may make a great difference to Susie," said his father. "You will no longer have a snug farm at your back, and you may have to wait a year or two before you can get forehanded enough to marry. Will Susie be willing to wait and take the chances when she can have her cousin Will, who is rich?"

"Susie is as true as steel, dad. Will Hartshorn can not take her from me," said Dick, laughing lightly. "We may not be able to marry for a year or two, but we are both young and life is before us. Don't fret on our account. I must go over and tell her."

It was not ten when he returned, but it was the first time in many months that both his parents had been found up at that hour. Traces of tears on their cheeks showed that the subject of conversation had not been changed.

"Susie will wait," he replied to his mother's unspoken question, "until I have made a home for us three and it has grown big enough for her to enter. I say what she said. She won't marry me till I have. Our marriage is postponed for a year. She will work in the rubber factory and help me. Her uncle has been appointed manager, and was out to see her yesterday to see if he could get her as his chief clerk. He wants some one who understands book-keeping, short-hand and telegraphy, and offered her twelve dollars per week. She refused, of course, but she has written to-night accepting it. You see, dad, she didn't waste her time, as you thought, in learning those accomplishments last year. Her investment of $120 will come back many fold."

His mother laid her hand upon his arm.

"Susie says that we can get the Wilsons' house at the bridge. It's quite as comfortable as this, and we will soon forget all about this trouble. You are only fretting for us, and Susie says you must not and shall not. Susie's word is law to mother and me; and, father, will you not do what we three want you to?"

"Dick," said his father, with deep feeling, "I should have named you Benjamin. Susie will make a good wife. I take back all I said about her spending money. She was wiser than I, but I don't think it was woman's work."

"Even her spending four dollars for cancelled postage stamps?" asked Dick, mischievously.

"Well," said his father, with a smile and a shake of the head, "that was a vanity. Twenty-five cents for a yard of ribbon I can understand, but 25 cents for an old one-cent postage stamp which I bought new only a few years ago for a cent I can not understand. I think it would be more natural for a pretty girl to spend her money for ribbons than for little pieces of soiled paper."

"She says that her collection, which cost her less than $20, can be sold any day to a dealer for $35, and that he will sell it again for $100. The stamps she paid 25 cents each for are now sold for $1.25 and $1.50. She intends to sell them all to have a nest-egg to start with."

"I don't want a better girl than Susie for a daughter. I always said that, Dick. That there stamp business was the only vanity I ever knew in her, but she has a right to some vanity. She has the Lockwood grit and truth. Let us ask God to bless her."

At noon the next day Mrs. Ferris asked Dick to give her an hour's help in the garret, as she wished to go over the accumulated rubbish of a century to see what would be worth moving.

"What is in this old hair trunk, mother," asked Dick, as he sorted out the relics of five generations.

"That was your Aunt Seliny's. It's full of letters and papers. All her husband's love-letters are there, for she saved every one that was ever writ to her. She saved all the letters that he ever received, and he did a big business till he failed. Seliny was a little queer. He was a great scholar, was Jack. He went to college and was a professor when he courted Seliny. His letters read like a book, and Seliny was very proud of them."

Dick open the moth-eaten, cowhide-covered little trunk, in its time as much a source of pride as any genuine alligator-skin one is now to its possessor. There on top, as if put in last, was a bundle of letters, tied with a faded ribbon. Dick took out one with some curiosity. It was written before envelopes were in common use, and the address was on the middle fold of the letter itself, the edges of which had been turned into one another and sealed.

"Mother, may I come up?" called a clear, sweet voice from the stairway, but without giving time for a reply the speaker appeared and was clasped in Mrs. Ferris' arms. She seemed to bring the sunshine which that instant came pouring through the high side window, falling full upon the little trunk and covering it with a golden glory.

"O Susie, Susie!" was all Mrs. Ferris could say, as she held her tightly. For a moment Susie talked for both. She had come for that feminine draught of Lethe, known as "a good cry."

Tears and talk and laughter! Laughter and talk and tears! Hysteria looked in at the window.

Dick had patience. But patience had a limit.

"Mother—Susie," said he reproachfully, "where and when do I enter in this little loving match? Have I no rights? Is not this mother mine, and the sweetheart, too? Ven kissing till I have mine."

Susie laid her hand on his, and lifted a bright and laughing face frankly to his. "This is an extra," she said gayly. "I didn't expect to see you, Dick. What is that you have in your hand?" She bent over to look at it with manifest curiosity. He handed it to her.

"It's only an old love-letter from Uncle Jack to Aunt Selina." She was only looking at the superscription, her face paling and flushing.

Hysteria again glanced in at the window.

"Do you know what it is worth!" she asked with an effort. "Have you many of these, that you treat them so carelessly?"

"No," said Dick. "Is it a stamp not in your collection? It is only a very little one, only half the usual size, and I wish it were larger; but you are twice welcome to it and that ought to count." As she did not answer he added, with a burlesque of generosity: "Keep it, Susie, even if it's one of those that are worth a whole dollar to collectors. I don't know where to sell it, even for a cent. Put it in your book." His voice and manner at another time would have roused great mirth, but no answering smile appeared on Susie's face.

"It's one I never hope to own," she replied, gravely. "This little piece of paper is worth over $400. It's a Brattleboro five-cent stamp on the original letter-back. The only one that was supposed to be in the world was sold last month for $575. Any dealer would give you $250 at sight for this."

"Are you quite sure!" asked Mrs. Ferris, wonderingly.

"Yes; I know it. Where did it come from?"

Dick led her to the open trunk. With a gasp and sob she knelt down beside it and with flushing face and trembling hands began to sort out the letters into little heaps Dick had not spoken, but watched her eagerly. The same thought, perhaps not perfectly formulated, had come to each.

Those most carefully examined were placed in her lap, and by the time the last bundle had been hastily gone over not less than ninety were lying there. Then she bent over, put her face in her hands and began sobbing. Mrs. Ferris and Dick tried to comfort her. Dick's efforts were the more effectual. "Never mind, my sweetheart," he whispered, "think of it only as a dream. It won't pay the mortgage, but it will pay rent should we need it. Let us thank God for what He gives us."

By a strong effort of will she raised a tear-stained, radiant face, shining with delight.

"You don't understand. The mortgage is paid. The farm is saved. O, Dick! O, mother!"

When her emotion had subsided, and in reply to their eager questions, she took the selected letters and explained the treasure.

"Here are two used Brattleboros on letter-backs, worth almost any price, but a dealer will pay $250 each. For these eight St. Louis stamps he will give, say, $125. He will sell them for four times that. This set of three on one letter is alone worth more than $125. Here are six New Havens, the first I ever heard of. The genuine signed reprints sell for $15 each. Put them at $100. These two thirty-cent stamps of 1869—notice that the shield is upside down—are worth $50 and would bring $100 at a sale. Here are thirteen red horsemen one-cent stamps of 1851, worth $10 each. Here are six six-cent envelopes of 1867, worth $30 if we could wait for buyers. See these four curious double stamps, one cent and three cents? Three are worth $10 each, but the fourth is one I never heard of. The one-cent head is upside down. It must be worth $50. Here are over a dozen of the rare three-cent envelopes of 1853. Prof. Jennings paid $42 for the one he has. These two War Department envelopes are worth $50 each. These two Goliad and these five of Baton Rouge can not be bought for $400. Here's one envelope with twelve one-penny stamps on it. They have V. R. in the corners. Dealers charge $40 each and pay $20. Here are five rare Sandwich Island stamps any dealer will pay $200 for." She gathered up the remaining letters. "For all these dealers charge $20 or more each. No matter how you are cheated, you can get from $1,000 to $1,200 and what is lacking we can borrow."

"How can I get the money for them before Saturday?" asked Dick. "Whom shall I take them to?"

"You can take the five o'clock train to New York. I will give you the names and addresses of the three principal dealers. I have their catalogues. Come down stairs and we will divide them into three packets, so as to offer not more of one kind than we can help to a dealer. I will mark on each letter the price dealers charge for the stamp, so that they will not beat you down too much. These are all on the letters, so there can be no question of their genuineness. This is Wednesday. You can get back Friday night."

Her energy and faith brought hope and comfort.

Dick was back Friday night. He brought $1,350 in greenbacks and a number of the stamps, which it was not necessary to sell. These were added, with many that remained in the trunk, to Susie's collection, which was not sold, for a "nest-egg." The duplicates only were sold, but to advantage, for that purpose.

The marriage was not postponed. "Never destroy a postage-stamp," said Grandfather Ferris last week to a young man who had torn an envelope in pieces to get out a letter. "If you take an old man's advice you will start a collection. If my daughter Susie hadn't started one four years ago we might now be on the town."

This was not fair to Dick, but old people are forgetful.—*T. E. Wilson, in N. Y. World.*

FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

How They Can Contribute a Fair Share to the Family Income.

Farmers' wives are probably as much in need of money as any other class of women. To such, then, the discovery of any way of adding to their pin-money is a desirable discovery. While not a new thing, planting small fruits is doubtless new to a great many women who have abundant opportunity to try it. That it is fully feasible to a great many, needs only a trial to prove.

Evidently the thing most needed now by women "is to learn how to be healthy, strong, good-tempered and helpful," educating not only the brain, but also the whole being as well. All women can not marry and be the helpless idol of an indulgent husband. Some will not marry, and many who do must be a willing help-meet.

Out-door work is not to be despised by women, for it is positively necessary to health and happiness. Of all the pursuits now followed by women there is perhaps no other that offers more or greater inducements, or for which she is naturally better qualified, than the growing of small fruits.

There is no more money-making crop than fruit when rightly managed, and strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants and grapes can each be made to yield a rich harvest. Only a small plot of ground is necessary for a beginning, increasing the area as means are afforded.

Almost any woman can do much of the work herself, even though not very strong. She can set the plants and gather the fruit and get it ready for market. Much depends on the way it is prepared.

If, in addition to raising fine berries, they are set off to advantage by careful packing and a tasteful arrangement of green leaves, they will sell more readily. When berries are cheap she can with her own hands make them into jams, jellies, marmalade, etc., to be sold later, even if sold at a very small profit.

Women do not despise the minutest matters, and the study of the botany of plants, of birds and insects, injurious and otherwise, will all receive their careful attention.

The example we have had of women who have tried the experiment show that they are eminently successful raising the finest fruit, arranging it in the most tasteful manner and receiving the highest market price for their products

The net profits from the sale of small fruits by two young ladies in California last year, one of whom was a consumptive when she began, amounted to the handsome sum of $15,000.

It is but a few years since they began the experiment, and beside accumulating a fortune, they have what is better, a comfortable home of their own and complete restoration to health.

The growing of small fruits on a small scale is especially recommended to those married women who can obtain a small plot of ground for the purpose, who feel the desire so common among women for pecuniary independence. To the growing of small fruits might be added a few stands of bees, which almost any woman can care for, thus adding to her income and placing her in a position to realize comparative independence.—*Colorado Farmer.*

—"Yes, Tom is a good fellow enough, but he don't know his mind." "Doesn't he? Well, I'm sure he is to be congratulated. Those who do know it haven't much to say in its favor"—*Boston Transcript.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The rubber industry in this country affords employment to about twenty-five thousand workmen.

—One of the glaciers of the Kinchinjunga, a peak whose summit is 28,000 feet above the sea level, has a vertical height of 14,000 feet.

—A large piece of meteoric iron has been found in a bed of tertiary lignite in Upper Austria. This is the first find of that sort in distinct geological periods, a proof that meteoric stones fell also in former periods of the earth's history.

—The Bo tree of Amarapoora, in Burmah, is about 2,170 years old, and it can be traced in historic documents as far back as 182 A. D. Other trees are believed to be older, African and Californian specimens being computed at 5,000 years, but there is no certain evidence of it.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—An officer of the Bombay Civil Service who made a vacation tour in Manchuria last summer, calls that region the Manitoba of Asia. In the basin of the Hun river he collected five kinds of lily of the valley, and found whole hill-slopes white with the blossoms of that plant.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—There could be no more impressive illustration of the rapid growth of the new South than the statement made by the *Manufacturers' Record*, of Baltimore, that the new enterprises organized in the South, the old plants renewed and the mills rebuilt represented a capital of $161,192,000 for the last six months, as against $63,618,200 during the first six months of 1886.

—Before the beginning of the historical period considerable skill in rope making had been acquired, so that it must be classed among the oldest of the arts. The existing relics of the ancient Egyptians include sculptures showing the process of manufacture practiced more than 4,000 years ago, while the oldest records of that people represent well-made ropes of great strength. Flax and the fibers of the date tree were employed for these ropes, but grasses and the hides of animals were probably among the first materials used.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A new departure in the line of shopping for out-of-town families has been inaugurated in New York of late. The plan is that of the shopping bureau, managed by a woman of business turn and gifted with tact for getting on with people as well as purchasing judgment. To her, one may mail an order for silks, gloves, laces, jewelry, bonnets—any thing that requires careful supervision in the buying, which order will be turned over to a corps of regularly employed purchasers, women all, whose business it is to look to the interest of the far-way household.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—The latest statistics concerning the Pasteur Institute for the treatment of hydrophobia show that up to the end of December, 1886, the number of patients who had been bitten by animals undoubtedly mad was two thousand one hundred and sixty-four. Of these, twenty-nine died. Before Pasteur's system was devised and used, the mortality among persons bitten by rabid animals was thought to be sixteen per cent., at which rate the number of deaths among his patients would have been three hundred and forty-six, instead of only twenty-nine. Recently Pasteur has somewhat changed his method and applied a more intensive treatment, as he calls it, in all specially grave cases.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If friends ask you to discover their faults beware, or you will discover you have no friends.

—A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

—The coffee crop of the world for last year was 650,000 tons, and of this amount American hotels probably used about 100 pounds by accident.

—Mrs. De Society—"What a lovely baby that is we just passed." Mrs. De Fashion—"Yes, it is mine." "Indeed?" "O, I'm sure of it. I recognized the nurse."—*Omaha World.*

—One of the most mournful things in nature must always be the inevitable tendency of the young man in love to imagine himself a poet.—*Boston Journal of Education.*

—Whatever the newspaper of the future may be, it will never be what woman wants it to be until it is wholly made up of love verses, deaths and marriages, and dry goods advertisements.—*Boston Journal of Education.*

—No more wholesome advice than this can be given those upon whom fortune has smiled: However rich you may be, do not make pleasure the aim and object of life: it will wear you out faster than work, or even worry.

—They Ought to Label It.—

"Those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule
Which fairly hints they are in jest."
—*Jonathan Swift.*

—"Woman is displaying a remarkable aptitude for taking care of herself," says an exchange. What is wanted is not so much a woman who can take care of herself as one who can, in addition, take care of a husband and three children in fairly good style.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—First Young Lady—"Who are those people you bowed to, Mamie?" Second Ditto—"O, don't you know them? That's Mrs. Montalembert and her husband." "Have they any children?" "Why, Hattie! What an idea! No, indeed! They are real stylish people."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Why are our public roads called highways? They are generally much lower than the surrounding and bordering land, being worn and washed to gullies where they are not naturally swamps. They are high only in the sense that they cost much more than they are worth under the present system.—*Petersburg (Va.) Index Appeal.*

—A Quaker, from the country, went into a city bookstore, and one of the clerks, thinking to have a little fun at his expense, said to him: "You are from the country, are you not?" "Yes," answered the Quaker. "Well, here's an essay on the rearing of calves that you would probably like to buy." "That," said the Quaker, "thee had better present to thy mother!"—*N. O. Ledger.*

A PERFECT COSMETIC.

What the Constant Application of Glycerine Will Accomplish.

Of all the lotions, creams, pomades and balms that go to complete a lady's toilet table there is nothing to approximate in value chemically pure glycerine. This sweet, viscid, colorless, odorless liquid sells for five cents an ounce, which is possibly the reason why so many ladies who study their glass ignore it. The opinion prevalent among so many that a constant use of glycerine makes the skin dark is so erroneous that chemists simply sneer when an argument is expected. In factories and laboratories where the oil is manufactured the hands of the employes are remarkably soft, and, as a rule, a shade or so whiter than the face.

For coughs, colds, inflammation of the throat, temporary deafness, or soreness of the nose, glycerine applied as a liniment and taken internally, affords a sure and speedy relief. It is a sovereign remedy for cuts, sores, ulcers and gangrenous wounds in man and beast.

A superior hair tonic is obtained by using two ounces of glycerine with an ounce of water and one of alcohol. The three parts when combined may be perfumed to suit the taste and will surpass in merit any oleaginous compound on sale. For preserving and promoting the growth of the hair glycerine stands unrivaled. There is no quicker way to remove dandruff and preserve a clean scalp than by rubbing the skin under the hair or beard with it. Its use will make the hair liable to catch more dust than if dry, but then it imparts a pleasing gloss and insures a healthy condition to the scalp. In applying it is not necessary to use more than a spoonful, but with a daily application a diseased or scaly epidermis is unknown.

There are absolutely no injurious effects in the use of glycerine, which makes it the best and safest of cosmetics. Sometimes a burning sensation is felt when the oil is applied to chapped or sore skin, due to the fact that, like alcoholic substances, it has an avidity for water which it absorbs or burns out of the skin. By dipping the hands in warm water, or moistening the face and applying the glycerine after drying lightly, the burning or irritating sensation is lessened. Pimples, blotches and all eruptions of the skin may be removed by using pure glycerine in small quantities, and those who persist in the use of powder, which leaves the skin parched and rough, can restore the soft, smooth qualities by drying glycerine into the skin before retiring. Glycerine and rose water in the proportion of one to two, with a single drop of carbolic acid, will not only produce a smooth transparent effect, but a wholesome one, as the acid being a disinfectant cleans out the pores of the skin, and in a minute degree wards off disease. This preparation is recommended by the highest medical authority for the use of children while at school, where they are constantly exposed to disease by mere association. For adults who are thrown much in public or promiscuous companies this simple cosmetic is by no means insignificant.

It must not be supposed that glycerine in any form can produce a beautiful complexion. There are skins that nothing but calcimine or white paint will whiten, for the simple reason that nature intended them to be dark. What is promised and may be expected is a smooth skin of healthy color, free from blemishes commonly known as chapping, pimples and rash. Odious little black heads which frequently appear about the nose may be removed in time, by a careful use of glycerine in which a few drops of carbolic acid have been dissolved.

Another excellent form of glycerine is in soap which one hears and reads much about, but rarely or never is able to procure.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

POPULAR BELIEFS.

Common Myths Which Still Have a Large Number of Adherents.

Ignorant folk, wonder-mongers and even scientific observers have disseminated many erroneous and exaggerated notions which are not readily eradicated. We are still told, for instance, of the Norwegian mælstrom, a frightful whirling chasm in the sea capable of sucking down the largest ships, though in reality this fearful "whirlpool" is simply a run of the tide through a sloping channel, is rarely dangerous, and then chiefly on account of the rocks on which it may draw vessels. Sir John Herschel gave his indorsement to the statement that stars may be seen in the daytime from the bottom of a well, but this has been proven to be an error by tests from a shaft nearly half a mile deep. Mr. John Murdoch has recently shown that the Esquimaux do not, as text-books of physiology affirm, doze through their long winter night, keeping up their bodily heat by enormous meals of raw blubber and lamp-oil, but that their winter life is active, their food mostly cooked and their consumption of oil not excessive. A still widely-accepted belief is that the hair-snake is a wonderful transformation of a horse's hair when kept in water, though these odd creatures (known to science as *Gordius aquaticus*) really grow from eggs, and in early stages inhabit the bodies of insects. A very old idea, without foundation in fact, is that crocodiles shed mournful tears, while stories of toads imprisoned in solid rock are numerous and supported by much evidence, but have probably resulted from imperfect observation. Accounts of the germination of grain from the mummy-pits of Egypt have arisen from deception practiced by the Arabs in placing fresh seeds with the belongings of the mummies. Though now known to be incorrect, the inference that the moon influences the weather is a very natural one to untrained observers, and is far less absurd than a thousand vagaries that gain credence, such as the dropping of live reptiles from the clouds, the ejection of live snakes and other creatures from the human stomach, the localization of water by a forked stick, the extinguishment of fire by sunshine, etc.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—An anti-slang club has a large membership at Fort Worth, Tex.

HINTS TO SWIMMERS.

Timely Suggestions for Enthusiastic Lovers of Aquatic Sport.

Now that the bathing season, for the people who bathe only during the season, is running on full time and half soap, there will be the usual number of "sad cases of drowning" reported in the daily paper by reporters who seem to think that the ordinary drowning case is a rather joyous affair and great care must therefore be taken to specify the sad ones. Now, in most instances—but for the gravity of the subject one might say moist cases—there is no necessity for drowning. A little care, a little presence of mind and the doomed swimmer would be as safe from the watery element as a Texas bar tender. A good swimmer is not often drowned; not oftener than once.

People are drowned when they are thrown suddenly into the water because the shock disturbs their presence of mind and disarranges the life preserver. To avoid drowning from this cause, therefore, never get thrown into the water suddenly; always be expecting it. If you are crossing the great desert, keep turning over in your mind what you would do if the distant ocean should suddenly break in on you.

If you could acquire the habit of breathing under water it would be great medicine for you. Some men can breathe a long, long time over beer; they are more apt to founder than drown.

If you don't know whether you can swim or not, having never tried, it is a good plan to consult some well-known authority on the subject before venturing into forty foot water. Go to Jay Gould; he has floated about as many water-logged schemes as any man in America.

If, in spite of all precautions, you find that you are actually drowning, no time should be lost in calling in a physician; if possible, go for him yourself; the exercise will prove exceedingly beneficial.

If you should find a drowning person on the beach and it should prove to be some one whom it is your interest to save, run him through a clothes wringer without delay; it is essential to get all the water out of him.

Do not, however, hang him up after this operation; it's no good; you can't hang a man up for any thing after you've squeezed him dry.

Sit on his chest and inflate his lungs with a hand bellows to restore respiration, and slap him to restore circulation; if this doesn't work, send for a newspaper clerk, who can give him an artificial circulation that will make the doctors want to go away and commit suicide.

Haul him back and forth over a barrel; this is an old and very popular mode of treatment; it is of no earthly use whatever, but it keeps the patient quiet and amuses the crowd while you are thinking what you ought to do.

Start a messenger for the man's wife at once and call loudly after him, "Tell her to bring her mother along!" The patient needs the stimulus of a sudden shock to enable him to rally.

If you are in doubt whether the man is really drowning, bring him a sherry cobbler; if he is drowning he will catch at the straws. If he is not drowning he will catch on to the cobbler.

Should you discover the drowning person to be the man who tells you all about his summer vacation; where he went, and what a "nice" place it was; how "nice" the meals and how "nice" the people, and how cheap it was and what a good time he had, push him out into deep water to see if he will sink. If he does not sink immediately you may be sure there is something wrong. Lose no time; a moment's delay may be fatal; tie a big stone about his neck and push him out again.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

WORTH CONSIDERING.

Sensible Suggestions for the Authorities of Villages and Summer Resorts.

"I wish there was a committee on names appointed for every town," said a young lady recently—"a committee whose duty it should be to see that not only streets, but all the hills and ponds and roads of the vicinity, had suitable names given to them, or old ones preserved. Then there would be fewer that were either very ugly or absurdly romantic, and, above all, there would not be such constant repetition."

She then proceeded to argue in favor of the establishment of this novel committee. It was positively exasperating, she declared, to go into the country, summer after summer, and find in every place she visited the same regulation list of names! She did not believe she had ever stayed in a village that had not its Sunset Hill. Usually there was Willow Brook besides, and Mirror Lake, and she considered herself fortunate if she did not have to be shown a Rainbow Fall and a Crystal Spring, and, perhaps, a Smugglers Cave.

As for the Lover's Lane, Lover's Dell and Lover's Leap, she was so tired of them that it would really seem a pleasant variety to take an evening stroll along Higginbotham road, to see the Red Cow's Jump by moonlight!

Then there was the Devil's Den; but why Pulpit, Basin, Bridge, Bowling-alley and Punch-bowl, all with the same unpleasing prefix? At least, however, these places were named after somebody that the people believed in; and when it wasn't Devil's Den, it was sure to be Elfin Grotto, which was a great deal sillier. Who ever heard of even a young and imaginative American that believed in elves? And why should a dark, damp, dirty cave be called a grotto—a name which suggests Capri, and the magic of azure air and glittering wall?

The young lady's idea is hardly likely to be realized; but the matter of names is worth considering, and it would be well if the authorities of our expanding villages and summer resorts, that seem to spring up in a night, would avoid afflicting the landscape with any more devils, smugglers, elves and fairies.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Thompson—"Jones seems to be very popular. I wonder what's the reason?" Johnson—"It's all due to the way he greets a man." "Yes?" "Nine times out of ten he says: 'Let's have something.'"—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Magistrate—"Did the prisoner make a full confession?" Policeman—"No, sir. He made the confession when he was full."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The Norfolk *News* tells of a young man named Charles Swedenburg who is charged with stealing fifty-two dollars from his widowed mother. He has not been examined. He can never be successfully examined without the aid of a microscope.

—A beautiful geyser has belched forth at the Upper Basin, near Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyoming. It throws a stream into the air 150 feet in height. It is located two hundred yards from the Spasmatic, and is one of the grandest on the formation.

—"Jenkins—"Don't you enjoy the conversation of Blufkins? I think him an inimitable talker." Smith—"O, yes, I like it; but there is one thing he can't do that I would enjoy much more." J.—"What is that?" S.—"Keep his mouth shut."—*Boston Budget.*

—Quite a number of persons crossed the Arkansas river the other day at Garden City to see a herd of buffalo now grazing on the prairies. There are about thirty young calves and one or two cows in the herd. The owner intends making an effort to cross them with domestic cattle.

—John D. Van Gordon, sixty-nine years of age, of Dingman's Ferry, Pike County, Pa., was killed by a bee sting on the wrist Wednesday morning. A few moments after he was stung the pain became so intense that he started for the house. As he entered the door he groaned: "O, I'm going to die!" and immediately expired.

—Printed matter may be copied on any paper of an absorbent nature, by dampening the surface with a weak solution of acetate of iron, and pressing in an ordinry copying press. Old writing may also be copied on unsized paper, if wet with a weak solution of sulphate of iron mixed with a simple solution of sugar sirup.

—Since they reduced fares to five cents the Philadelphia street railroads have been able to declare increased dividends. They are just now finding out how much they lost by keeping fares at six cents. The elevated roads in New York are having a similar experience and the talk of abolishing five-cent fares is declared to be without foundation.

—"Making good resolutions and then breaking them ruin a man's character," said Bjenks, philosophically, "and I'm not going to ruin my character in that way any more." "O, my dear," said Mrs. Bjenks, "I'm so glad to hear you say that. You won't break your good resolutions after this, will you, dear?" "No, my darling," said Bjenks, heroically, "I won't. After this I'm not going to make any."—*Journal of Education.*

—Quite a strange phenomenon was seen in Mr. Butts' poultry yard at Orlando, Fla., a day or two ago. A small chicken was seen waddling around swelled out to the shape of a huge puff-ball, and terribly distorted, apparently by some watery humor. The anxious owner thought it had the dropsy, and at once proceeded to tap it with a razor, when it was found to be inflated with air. How the chick happened to get in that fix nobody knows.

—An Americus, Ga., gentleman says: "Last Thursday evening I saw a curiosity in the shape of a sand cloud. It appeared to be about 500 feet high and looked like an inverted funnel. The base seemed to be forty or fifty yards wide, and its apex extended to a point some 500 feet high. It was whirling with frightful rapidity, and went straight up out of sight. It roared like a train of cars, which I thought it was until I saw the cloud. It was about two and a half miles northwest of Americus.

—Little Nellie, five years old, went to walk on Sunday afternoon with her parents. The party strolled along the bank of the reservoir, concerning the use of which Nellie asked many questions. While they were there a small boy's straw hat was blown off his head into the reservoir and fished out, with no little difficulty, with the aid of a long pole. That evening at supper as Nellie was drinking water from a glass she asked: "Is this water the same as the water up in the reservoir?" "Yes, dear." Nellie smacked her lips in an experimental way, and with a slight expression of displeasure. "Well," she said, "I think it tastes some of a straw hat."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE PEOPLE'S INCOME.

Annual Earnings of the Principal Nations of the World.

The aim of all labor is the income it brings. It is the harvest of work. It follows the clearing, the plowing, the sowing, the cultivating. It is the reaping.

The United States leads all the nations of the world in the amount of the gross earnings of the people.

It has attained this position among the nations of the world in a remarkably short time. A century ago the United States was a feeble nation on the coast line of a new and distant continent. It exported a little tobacco and a few hides, and produced enough at home for the people to live well, but it cut no figure among the nations of the world as a nation with an income. But since that time the activity, the enterprise, the genius of the people, pushed it forward until it overtook the older nations of Europe one by one, and finally led them all in the aim of all people—income.

Mulhall's table showing the annual earnings of the principal nations of the world for 1880, demonstrates that the United States stands at the head:

Nations.	*Annual Earnings.*
United States	$7,100,000,000
United Kingdom	6,225,000,000
France	4,825,000,000
Germany	4,250,000,000
Russia	3,800,000,000
Austria	3,010,000,000
Italy	1,460,000,000
Spain	940,000,000
Australia	665,000,000
Belgium	600,000,000
Canada	590,000,000
Holland	520,000,000
Sweden and Norway	520,000,000
Argentine Republic	305,000,000

The above table shows the reward that each nation receives for the labor that its people put forth. It is one of the most important showings that can be made.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*